It’s Like Watching A Car Wreck

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Fandom:	Project: Eden's Garden (Video Game)
Relationship:	Everyone & Reader
Characters:	Wolfgang Akire (Project: Eden's Garden), Ulysses Wilhelm (Project: Eden's Garden), Wenona (Project: Eden's Garden), Jett Dawson (Project: Eden's Garden), Ingrid Grimwall (Project: Eden's Garden), Damon Maitsu (Project: Eden's Garden), Kai Monteago (Project: Eden's Garden), Eva Tsunaka (Project: Eden's Garden), Diana Venicia (Project: Eden's Garden), Grace Madison (Project: Eden's Garden), Mark "Mayhem" Berskii (Project: Eden's Garden), Cassidy Amber (Project: Eden's Garden), Desmond Hall (Project: Eden's Garden), Toshiko Kayura (Project: Eden's Garden), Eloise Taulner (Project: Eden's Garden), Jean DeLamer (Project: Eden's Garden), Tozu (Project: Eden's Garden), Mara (Project: Eden's Garden)
Additional Tags:	Not Beta Read, Not Canon Compliant, technically, Like reader being there changes scenes and interactions, POV Second Person, Hurt/Comfort, reader loves their parents, No mommy issues here, No daddy issues here either, It Gets Worse Before It Gets Better, Gender-Neutral Reader-Insert, little to no use of y/n unless necessary, Such as the letter in the opening, Reader is also kind of ignored by the others because they’re a little awkward
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It’s Like Watching A Car Wreck

by MoldOnMyCeiling

Summary

You are accepted into Eden’s Garden Academy as the Ultimate Investigative Journalist. Wanting to prove that you know what do with your life, you hop onto the train and things only go downhill from there.

Notes

My first multi chapter work!! >_< as well as my first reader insert. I don’t like use of Y/N and will avoid it any means necessary, but for the little times I use it, I think you can replace it with your name on laptop at the very least though I never used it so I wouldn’t know. Go internet advice :0

This is also a very short chapter because all the meat and potatoes comes during the train scene with I’m still editing.

Chapter 1: Beginning Of Something Beautiful

Some believe that we just happen to exist by chance— born onto a planet that was never supposed to sustain existence, let alone 8 billion individuals greedily taking everything given. Regardless, humans give the world a purpose… humans like Ultimates. Those who shone brighter than anyone else.. who have the ability to make a meaningful contribution to society. People like you.

You are the Ultimate Investigative Journalist.

The title fell into your hands one day after writing an article for your college on the motive behind professors quitting. Not that you believed you didn't deserve it, you had done all the investigations and interviews yourself after all, but it definitely wasn't your best work by far. The fact that it was THAT article specifically that awarded you the title of Ultimate Investigative Journalist made you feel like a fraud; parading around as the best of the best for such mediocre skill.

Despite that, you found that you didn't entirely hate your title. It provided you with a sense of purpose that wasn't there before. You'd always failed to find your place in a world that was constantly progressing. The title gave you something firm to grasp onto; a starting point.

Among a sea of talent, you were an awkward fish following the stream.

Nevertheless, there was a school who recognized you for your talent, a school that believed you were worthy: Eden's Garden

The unexpected letter found itself nestled in your hands after a late night class, wedged halfheartedly between the door and the frame as though someone had picked it up curiously while you were gone then shoved it anywhere they could when they realized it wasn't for them. You sighed and immediately thought of your roommate, who had a particularly bad habit of opening your mail assuming it was for them. Opening the letter, it read the following:

"To, Mx. Y/n L/n, the Ultimate Investigative Journalist:

Congratulations!
For your contributions as an Ultimate, we cordially invite you to attend Eden's Garden Academy, a specialized college for academic-based talents. At our unique academy, you will not only develop a tighter grasp on your respective skill set, but you and the other Ultimate students who received this invitation will gain an ever-important proficiency at leadership, communication, and persuasion. In the age where anyone can be called an Ultimate, we hope you will join us and assume your rightful place as the true face of talent.

Please keep the contents of this invitation, as well as the attached registration materials, strictly confidential. The integrity of our program is built on the foundation of privacy."

You almost couldn't believe what you were seeing. Eden's Garden Academy, an Ultimate Academy for true Ultimates, was contacting you; quite possibly the most under qualified

investigative journalist around…They must've not found anybody else. Why else would such a prestigious institution be sending you a letter? A quite underwhelming letter at that as it read as a generic format rather than a personalized letter. It almost made you consider tossing the letter out of sheer pettiness. Almost.

Additionally, the attached ending of the letter made you feel a bit nervous. You usually called your mom for everything just to double check that it sounded legitimate and you weren't being scammed. But, what if it was real and you were rejected from the program because you shared the news with someone? How would they even know that you did?

You decided not to risk it just in case this once in a lifetime opportunity escaped your grasp. Never in your eighteen years of living would you have ever considered not sharing such life changing information with anyone before now. It thrilled you to have a secret all to yourself for once. You could almost imagine the surprise on your parents' faces after you arrived at the school and told them all about the process. You were going to make them proud, show them that you could actually make all the changes you promised them as a child. You were going to find your place in the world. Be someone they could be proud of.

An ambitious thought, but nothing could stop you now. You gathered your belongings from your cramped dorm and vanished without a word. You briefly thought about sending an email to your university about dropping out to pursue this opportunity before deciding against it. You could always tell them after you arrived at Eden's Garden. You had a train to catch!

After what seemed like hours of waiting, pacing, peeking up at every train only to realize that it wasn't yours, the train arrived before you.

It.. was a bit shabbier than you expected from such a prestigious school, but you couldn't bring yourself to care much. With a tiny suitcase clutched in one hand and a pamphlet in the other, you boarded the train.

This was the start of something great. Something that would open your eyes to your true purpose. For the first time, you'll finally be around people you actually fit in with… people who would view you as an equal. At least, you hoped so.

Chapter 2: The Beginning Of Something Horrific

Chapter Summary

> You make it onto the train and everything seems to be going as planned. Seems to anyway.
>
> Chapter 1 prologue still

"Whoa.." You couldn't help the amazed gasp that escaped your lips as you stepped onto the train. Despite what the outside would suggest, the interior was gorgeous.

"Oh, someone else!" A young voice said from the back of the train. You assumed it was the girl with the magenta hair sitting up front. You recognized her as a famous cosmetologist, however her name was escaping you. She must've graduated early or had a late birthday because from what you remember, she's only 17.

"Someone else? I thought they only accepted 16 students?" An uncertain voice followed. You couldn't exactly pin who was speaking, but you recognized that they had a point. Now that you're really looking, there's already 16 people on the train. You weren't sure if this made you the outlier or if it was someone else and they happened to get picked up before you.

"Hey, the more the merrier! Welcome to the Eden's club!" An enthusiastic person said from the middle of the train. You were able to see that it was the redhead with the hat that spoke. She seemed like someone you were willing to talk to after the ride.

Before you could get the chance to speak or do anything really, the girl spoke again. Clearly a bit of a rambler. "I guess it's more accurate to say Eden's Garden Academy Club… but Eden's club has more of a ring to it, don'tcha think?" The redhead continued, her hair swaying slightly as she tilted her head to ask you the question.

"Um, yeah! Eden's Club sounds way better. Rolls off the tongue easier." You agreed with a polite nod. The girl whooped as she raised her hands to high-five the taller man in front of her, who gently tapped his palms against hers with an amused expression.

You've never encountered such a weird bunch of people before and you couldn't feel more at home. You could feel that the school year was going to be great!

You wandered around aimlessly until you found an empty seat to rest on, placing your luggage underneath your feet to take up the least amount of space possible. You glanced to your left and saw a blonde young man staring out the window as trees flew past. You noticed his eyebrows furrow slightly as though he was hoping nobody would sit next to him and you glanced down at your lap in embarrassment. You weren't trying to piss anybody off before

even making it to the school, mentally assuring yourself that he was just one of those people with a resting bitch face and he wasn't truly irritated by your presence.

You decided to avert your gaze to the other people on the train, taking in their appearances. A guy with an alligator beanie was staring you down intensely then quickly looked away when he noticed you staring back, and the man beside him with a wolf mask covering the entirety of his face was seemingly talking the beanie guy's ear off despite the lack of response he was getting. You tried not to focus on the faint stench emitting from the wolf mask guy; he was probably nervous and was sweating under his costume. You also took notice of a small girl at the back of the train with a fan covering her mouth, no older than 14. You briefly toiled with the idea of asking her how someone so young ended up at what was supposed to be a college as described in the letter then quickly decided against it. You weren't trying to make a bad first impression before even stepping foot onto the premises.

Eventually, an influencer type boy attempted to gain the attention of the blonde haired boy next to you, but the conversation was shut down just as soon as it began. So, it wasn't a you problem; the guy was just an ass.

Suddenly, a calming southern voice chimed in from behind you. "Excuse me, but would either of ya'll happen to know when the final stop is?"

The boy beside you gave the loudest eye roll possible as he turned to face the muscular pink haired lady, possibly a blacksmith. "Not a clue, but you can try looking for—" He abruptly cut himself off when he finally registered how the woman looked. He almost seemed.. stunned for a moment?

"Hm? Is somethin' wrong?" The woman asked curiously. The blonde boy stammered as he tried to collect his thoughts. The pink haired woman giggled in response then turned to look at you to ask the same question.

"Oh, I don't know either. Sorry." You responded simply. It wasn't technically a lie, you didn't know the exact time and didn't want to make a wrong estimate to someone so kind.

"Don't fret it, darlin'! I'll just see who else is around." She said with a polite smile as she walked away to speak to another person nearby. The air smelt like peaches and metal as she left and you couldn't help but smile slightly. The smell just felt right for someone like her; pleasant.

Not wanting to look weird after basically sniffing the air like a dog, no matter how subtle you actually were, you decided to get up and strike up a conversation. The pink haired boy that was trying to speak to the rude guy earlier seemed interesting enough to speak to, no matter how off putting his pouting was.

No sooner than you walked over to him, the boy was already complaining about the blonde. "What is that guy's deal? I was trying to be friendly and he brushed me off like nothing! Does he even know that I'm famous? I mean, how could someone not?!" He ranted for a moment before snapping his gaze to you, pointing an accusatory finger in your direction.

“You know who I am, right?!” The boy basically demanded, a hint of desperation in his eyes as though he wanted to be recognized.

“I.. yeah..? I think so..?” You stammered awkwardly, caught off guard by the unknown boy’s demand. He was so desperate to be recognized, you started to think he wasn’t famous at all.

“…You don’t know me?! Me? Really?! I should be all over everyone’s social media at this point! Does the name—” The pink haired boy was interrupted right before he could properly introduce himself, turning his head slightly. You did the same and noticed a woman in somewhat professional clothing turned her nose to the air and began.. sniffing? You almost wanted to do the same to figure out what she was smelling.

After a few tense seconds of everyone watching the woman sniff the air, her expression morphed into something more serious. “The air doesn’t smell right.” She declared shortly, crossing her arms as she glanced around the train car for the source of the smell.

“Huh? The air?” An Australian accent chimed in from somewhere, assumingly from the woman with the bunny visor.

“Hey, I smell something too!” The same cheerful redhead from earlier added thoughtfully, her expression more subdued from the previous wide grin she had.

“Could you describe it?” A quieter voice asked, almost as though he was falling asleep while asking the question. You couldn’t help but wonder how someone could sound so bored during a strange situation like this.

“Hmm…” The redhead thought for a second as she tilted her head from side to side, attempting to catch another whiff of the stench slowly filling the train. “Kinda chemical-ey..?” She finally decided on, raising an eyebrow at the odd smell. “It’s almost like it’s coming from…” The woman trailed off as she tried to exactly pinpoint where it was coming from. She whipped her head around as she pointed a finger at a bag at the back. “..that bag over there.”

“Oh shoot! You mean this one right next to me?” The muffled voice with the wolf mask questioned, also pointing at the black travel bag. “I don’t smell anything funky!” He said as he brought his head down to take a dramatic whiff of the travel bag. “Well, that’s probably ‘cause of the helmet.” He added after a brief silence.

“Is that your bag?” A proper voice questioned calmly. It was the tall boy that the redhead had high-fived earlier into the ride. His calculated blue eyes focused on the bag in question.

“Nope! It was already here when I got on the train.” The wolf helmet boy answered with a noncommittal shrug, not all that alarmed by the overwhelming smell. He then expected the exterior of the bag curiously, fiddling with its lock. “There’s no name tag or anything..”

After a few moments of his fiddling, the lock opened with a satisfying pop. The red haired girl cheered softly when the bag opened. “Cool, you got it open!” Though the helmet boy made a sound as though he kissed his teeth.

“Uh… That wasn’t the lock.” The helmeted boy admitted. Though whatever opened had caused him the lurch forward with his hands clutching his stomach. “Urk!”

“Eh? Are you okay?” The magenta pigtailed girl asked worriedly, rising from her seat to check on the boy. However, the boy tried to quell her worry with a weak mutter that you couldn’t hear. As the Ultimate Investigative Journalist, you decided that maybe you should put the investigative part of your title to use and check out whatever was happening. The moment you took a step towards the mysterious bag, the helmeted boy collapsed to the ground with a weak wheeze. He had fallen unconscious.

It was as though you couldn’t move your body. Terror was crawling up your spine as you stared at the unconscious boy before you with wide eyes… this couldn’t be happening. This couldn’t…

You could hear the increasing panic from the other students buzzing in your ear, but you could only focus on the fact that your vision was blurring and you were swaying from side to side. A statically feeling spread across your body as your breath quickened rapidly. This couldn’t be happening. This couldn’t be happening. This couldn’t be happening. You were supposed to make it to the academy safe and sound and tell your parents all about all the interesting people you met. This was supposed to be a fresh start, not this. Anything but this.

As these thoughts swelled up in your mind, your legs finally gave out from underneath you. The pain from your head slamming against the cold wood of the train car was short. Consciousness vanished from you just as fast as it had arrived in the morning. The last sight in your eyes as they fell closed was the helmeted boy and a canister of gas tumbling across the floor.

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